

Many a man put in the seed who never saw the harvest, just as many another brought home ripe sheaves that which he bestowed no labor sowing of the seeds. The worker for Christ, therefore, is to work in faith, expecting the divine Hand to secure the result. He has abundant reason to believe that good is done of which he has no knowledge, and will have none until he has been made manifest necessary for his own spiritual welfare that he should be kept in this ignorance. And certainly he renders no real honor to the Master when he remains in the face of all discouragement.

Have handled double the funds of any other house in the state, and without the loss of a dollar. Ref.: National German-American Bank, St. Paul; Capital, \$2,000,000. For other references and particulars add

E. J. HODGSON, St. Paul, Minn.

The Family.

GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

She sits on the porch in the calm afternoon,
And sighs with her swaying a dreamy old tune;
Till some one says softly: "Grandmother's asleep!"
For her knitting has fallen and lies at her feet."
But the children come merrily up from the lane,
With shouting and laughter, and wake her again;
"But I've had such a dream, such a sweet dream!" she said;
"Oh, tell us! do tell us!" cry Besse and Fred.
"Why, the years had turned backward some thirty or more,
And my children were round me as blithe as of yore;
Not a darling was missing, for dear little Clare
Had aroused from her slumber, and greeted me there.
"And your grandpa—dear John! with his laughing blue eyes;
To see him again, 'twas a blissful surprise!
With one child on his shoulder, and one by the hand,
There was never a bonnier group in the land!
"And the sunshine seemed brighter than ever before,
And the rose was in blossom that grew by the door;
It seemed—oh, so real, and blessed, and sweet,
That dream of my little ones here at my feet!"
"Too bad that we waked you!" the children exclaim;
"Perhaps in the night-time you'll dream it again;
But, grandma, your children are here with you still;
There's papa, and Aunt Nell, Uncle Rufus and Will."
"Ah, yes! but, dear hearts, they are women and men,
And I long for my children—my babies—again;
And for grandpa and Clara—but there, never mind;
They are safe with the Lord, and His dealings are kind."

Then the children ran quietly off to their play,
And grandma sat placidly rocking away;
The past was forgotten—its loss and its pain;
While the future drew near, with its joy and its gain.

HOW THINGS WERE DONE.

An Allegory.

BY REV. ASA KENT.

"I feel," said Jethro, "the force of your words, and am not quite satisfied with the best reason I can assign; but you know I did not shun danger or hardship, but felt heartily to work where my lot was cast. I surveyed the fortress, and rallied our men of war. In some places I found captains of tens who had lost their registers, and ceased their weekly exercises; some would not fight, but wanted protection and a living under our banner. On these I called a court; and I erased their names when all other means had failed to move them to action. We then repaired our entrenchments, righted our landmarks, stationed our sentinels, and made favorable progress; but my successor omitted his duty—did not want to hurt any one's feelings—and all things soon became as before. I am tired of being a man of strife and contention among my brethren. My greatest fault, according to their view, is that I have not kept up with 'the improvements of the age.'"

"Ah!" said Joshua; "I see and feel the evil, and sigh for a remedy. But you must allow me to get a little sleep, and be prepared for the duties of tomorrow."

Early in the morning Jared was at the tent door; but Joshua was at his devotions, and would not be disturbed. As he opened his door, he said, "The Lord bless you, Jared! I fear you are out so early that you omitted your morning devotions."

"That I purpose to attend to on my return," said Jared; "but my business is so important, I thought I would attend to that first. We are almost in a state of anarchy at Debir, and we must have something done for our relief. Dan has been with us the past year; and our first impressions were unfavorable, as he began at once to chide us for being so tardy in extricating the giants. With much warmth he exclaimed, 'Now let us rally our strength, and go forth, and take the fortress, just as we took Jericho at the first.' We told him there was a great difference between the walls of Jericho, built by man upon the plain, and the stronghold of the Anakim, formed by nature in this mountain. He replied, 'You are troubling the people with your unbelief. Why don't you understand that faith is mighty? It claims Omnipotence for strength; and nothing can stand before it.' Some of the brethren then joined with him and said: 'We have desired and prayed for a man to be sent to us who had strong faith; and doubtless this appointment is of the Lord. We have only waited for our leader to go ahead, and blow the ram's horn, and we are ready to follow him and shout, and no doubt we shall have no confidence in taking the stronghold in that way. Dan then said: 'It is more perplexing to deal with unbelief in the camp than with the giants in their mountain fastnesses. Ye that are on the Lord's side, remember the direction given us in Gilgal. . . . Now let us, with all our hearts, complete the conditions, and then believe we have the victory.' So saying, he took the ram's horn, and called on all who would fulfill the conditions to follow him; and he went forward, blowing as he went. He compassed the stronghold seven days, when he gave a long blast, and they shouted; but nothing was accomplished, and our adversaries answered with a

shout which filled us with shame and confusion, and ever since they have laughed us to scorn. We are now contending among ourselves as to the real cause of our failure."

"I see your trouble," said Joshua. "The real cause was this: Dan took a special promise, which referred only to Jericho, and supposed it was a general promise, applicable anywhere. That promise could not apply to Debir. Dan had not seven priests, with trumpets, no ark, and no Lord to order the operations. It was rather an attempt at imitation, and no wonder there was failure, for God will not work in that way."

"We have concluded," said Jared, "that Dan had better be removed, and that Eli would be the man for us. You know when we first took Ai, it was by stratagem, and all in perfect stillness; no trumpet or shouting was heard. We know that Eli is opposed to shouting; and we will help him lay his plan for an ambush, all in perfect stillness."

"Alas for you!" said Joshua. "You have fallen into Dan's error. You would imitate what God ordered at Ai. He has not told us to take Debir in that way. We will do the best we can for you; but I advise you to go and wait on the Lord in the appointed means. Watch to know your duty and do it faithfully."

The garrison at Hebron knew that Eliab had felt much dissatisfied with his appointment over them, and as he had taken a journey to Sharon and the seashore for his health some time before the meeting of the council of war, they were in doubt if he would give them a fair representation; and it was judged expedient to send Ahaz to state the facts in the case. As Jared retired, Ahaz stepped in, and requested a few minutes' conversation with Joshua. "I am sent," said he, "from Hebron, as we thought we had reason to fear that Eliab would not inform you of all our difficulties. The truth is, he came to us with a sad heart, and with tears he said: 'Why am I sent into this hill country? Some of the captains of thousands have designs against me. It is very doubtful if I survive the coming year. My removal has really prostrated me.' I tried to comfort him, saying if the God of Abraham went forth with us there was no danger. After a few days I took him out to reconnoitre the enemy's fortifications, when, suddenly, some of the Anakim on the tower exhibited their full proportions, at which Eliab was seized with palpitation of the heart, turned pale, and would have fallen; but I caught him and said, soothingly, 'Do not be afraid, brother. They cannot reach us with either sling or bow.' But his nerves received a shock from which he hardly recovered. He was always in fear something might be done to offend the enemy and bring them down upon us. He whispered to some of his confidants, before he set off for his health, that he had foregone with the hill country, and he knew a way to get about such a station as he wanted. If he could not do that, he should tender his sword! We think you ought to know his secret design, and be prepared for such men."

As Ahaz retired, Kenez, who had been waiting, stepped in, and said that a few minutes with Joshua would afford him great satisfaction. He continued: "I am commissioned from Bethoran to tell them that the Amorites have fortified themselves, and all our labor to dislodge them has proved unavailing. Indeed, they have become arrogant, and boast of their skill and taunt us of our weakness. Some of us have united, at length, to petition for a man of strong faith, and full of courage to go forth, as we did at first in that place against the five giants. Oh, you have not forgotten that powerful time when the Lord cast down great stones upon our enemies, and more died by the stones than by the sword! We have some among us who are zealous for the improved mode of warfare, and might be afraid of such a powerful battle as we then had; but only give us the man, and we will hold up his hands, as Aaron and Hur did those of Moses. We can entice them into the plain; and then we want the stones to do their work."

"I am sorry," said Joshua, "that you, my brother, do not better understand the order of God. He is not bound to give victory by any particular method, but directs as He sees proper; and if we obey, He gives success. So it was at Bethoran. . . . He may never help us in the same way; but He will help us in some way, if we trust in Him alone. He has promised to drive out our enemies. Let us claim that, and go to work with one heart, and you will not labor in vain. We will do the best we can for you; but I advise you to go and wait on the Lord in the appointed means. Watch to know your duty and do it faithfully."

Kenez retired with wounded feeling, saying to himself, "If I fear Joshua has lost the power, or the feelings of those who sincerely wish to see their enemies subdued."

Hophni had become impatient lest Kenez should detain the General up to the time of the meeting of the council. He came in with an apology, and added that important results were depending on an early communication of the peculiar situation of the affairs at Bethel. The good man replied, "Speak on, I have a few spare moments."

"I will come to the point at once," said Hophni. "We are in a state of confusion and anxiety at Bethel, and something must be done to quiet and harmonize the camp. We think it best to have Samuel removed; for he has lost the confidence of a greater part of the men-at-arms, and a stranger would be more likely to conciliate their feelings."

Joshua looked at him with surprise, and answered, "What is the matter with Samuel? I expected him to remain another year."

"Well," said Hophni, "we had some fears he would not do before he came; and certain captains stopped with us over night, as they returned from the council last year, and gave us some sly hints that we must now scour up our armor. They said the captains of tens might get removed if they did not hold

their weekly trainings, tardy warriors must look out, etc. Such intimations put us on our guard, and we watched all his movements."

[To be continued.]

ONE LESS AT HOME.

The charmed circle broken—a dear face missed day by day from its accustomed place;
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by grace,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within a place unfiled and desolate;
And far away, our coming to await,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
Chill as the earth-born mist that thought would rise,
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
This is not home, where cramped in earthly mould,
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another thought for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and heaven!

One more at home—
That home whence none are missed eternally,
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,
At home in heaven!

S. G. THACK.

MINISTERS' WIVES.

BY A PRESIDING ELDER.

I was very much interested in the article written by a pastor's wife in the HERALD of July 8. Having been in the regular work for about thirty years, and having had fifty preachers in my district within the last four years, I think I can tell a few things about ministers' wives. In the first place, preachers have a best chance in the world to get the right kind of a wife, for preachers are supposed to have a good moral character, and to be intelligent and pious. In the second place, they can visit homes at all seasons of the year, and can see the young ladies at their homes under almost all circumstances—whether fixed up for company, or engaged in the ordinary duties of home. They can tell whether they are tidy or untidy; whether they use paint for special occasions, or are unpainted; whether they are idle, and sweep, or whether they are busy, and busy to their parents and the family. And they can tell whether they would be a help or a hindrance as a wife. A Methodist preacher who marries a gossip, or a scold, or a slattern, should never be pitied, for he had opportunities to discover all of these faults if he had ordinary sense.

As to the duties of a pastor's wife I need say but little, but I will say that a pastor's wife owes her first and chief services to her husband and home. If then she can attend society meetings, manage fairs and festivals, it may be well enough. But if she makes her home happy, clean, tidy, and attractive, and gives her husband opportunity to do his full duty toward his people, she is doing her duty. The people hire the pastor—not his wife—and if the wife so manages as to make the husband a successful pastor, she does her part. In looking over the fifty homes into which I have gone in the last four years, and in looking at the successes or failures, I can safely place both failures and successes largely at the door of the wife. If the wife is given to gossip and free use of the tongue, her husband is a failure. If she is discreet and prudent, her husband is a corresponding success. If the parsonage is filthy, the children unwashed, the furniture broken, and things slovenly in general, that pastor is a failure. If the parsonage is tidy, clean and inviting, and the children clean and well-behaved, the pastor is in that much a success. I know a case where the pastor's wife is a graduate—a good scholar, a devoted Chautauquan, and reads five papers and teaches well in the Sunday-school, but whose home is the abode of disorder, and where the ladies want to put disinfectants. Her husband is neat and orderly, but she is the very queen of slovenliness. In no case have I had to move a preacher because his wife was sensible, neat, orderly, and a home body, while in several cases I have had to move them because their wives were too eloquent, or too untidy, or too much inclined to run societies instead of attending to their legitimate duties.

Above and beyond any other one thing a pastor's success depends upon his wife. Where she is neat, economical, sensible and devoted to her home, she will be honored and beloved, and her husband will praise her. But culture, brains and piety will not compensate for a dirty parsonage, nor for trying to run all of the affairs of the church. Now, if a pastor's wife wishes to whack the pastors, it is her opportunity, and if she hits this writer, he will take it kindly; but let her use the lash first on those who will not help their wives to be keepers at home or neat about the parsonage.

Hired House, July 16, 1885.

Our Girls.

TAKING CARE.

"Why, Janet, see how much I've done, and you've not begun yet! What makes you so slow?" Janet bent over her bright worsted and canvas, not at all objecting to be called slow. "I'm counting my stitches and measuring very carefully, you see; and it

does take time. But I want to be sure I'm beginning right. Well begun is half done," is one of mother's maxims; and Jack is very fond of saying, "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead."

"Dear me! I couldn't stand it to waste so much time before I really began. I go a good deal by guess, and I think I'll come out right. See, I've got a whole leaf done already. Isn't it pretty?"

"Very pretty. But it seems to me those shades do not harmonize quite well."

"I know they don't, but I was in such a hurry to get home and get to work that I didn't wait to be very particular."

"Isn't your needle too coarse?" "Yes; it pushes the canvas threads too far apart."

"It will make your work look crooked."

"Oh, never mind! It will look well enough for this."

"Mother has a way of saying, 'What ever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' I'm getting a little tired of hearing your mother's sayings," said Lucy, rather pettishly.

Janet laughed good-naturedly as she put in her first stitch.

"I think they are pretty good sayings, Lucy; but I know some better ones yet. One goes, 'Let all things be done decently and in order.' And another says, 'Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with all might.' Mother says that means being faithful and thorough, even in little things."

"Oh, dear! Janet, if I had known you were so dreadfully proper and particular and so full of wise sayings, I shouldn't have dared to bring my work over here."

"Indeed," said Janet, half-laughing, half in earnest, "I've been so full of careless ways myself that I don't mean to set up to teach you. Let me tell you about a time I had last week. Mother wanted me to make a custard for tea. I knew just how, for I've seen her do it time and again; but I always thought I could do it without being so careful and fussy, I called it, as she is, 'So I set my part of milk right on the stove, not in boiling water, as she always does. Then, instead of rubbing my corn-starch smooth in a little cold milk, I plumped starch and eggs and milk all together, thinking I could heat them; but the starch all got into lumps, and they wouldn't smooth out at all, so I had to throw it out and get more."

"And just as I had my second bowl of eggs ready to beat them, there was a great deal of noise. I ran to the door. There was my milk rising to the top of the pan in a beautiful white foam. I stirred and stirred with all my might, but over it went all over the stove. A black cloud of smoke went up to the ceiling. I ought to have the whole house full of a suffocating smell of burnt milk. That was the end of my custard, except the grumble I had to take from Bridget for dirtying her nicely blazed hearth."

"But I had the whites of the eggs; and I thought I'd make a floating island with them, and would beat currant jelly into the foam, it gives it such a pretty pink color. I couldn't remember whether I ought to go to the stove, but after the whites are light, and I didn't want to take time to go upstairs and ask mother, and I didn't think it would make any difference, so in it went the jelly. I ought to have seen just the other way, so my whites never came up at all; and my floating island followed my custard into the slop-pail."

Both girls laughed over the sad tale of a custard.

"It was no laughing matter to hear mother talk, though," went on Janet, shaking her head. "She made a serious matter of it, I tell you! I heard all the wise sayings and all the texts, and a great deal more. She told me that a careless, disorderly girl sure to make a careless, disorderly woman, and that a slovenly, either girl or woman, is a most unlovely and undignified person. You'd think, to hear her, that being neat and particular is a real part of Bible Christianity; and I believe she's right. So I've turned over a new leaf, you see."

Janet spread out her work and looked at the small bit of embroidery in the corner of it with great satisfaction, saying:—"Now, the poky part is all done. Now I shall go on fast." Then, glancing over at her friend, she said:—"What lovely colors you've got in that pansy!" But Lucy was examining it with an expression of dismay.

"I do believe I've got my pattern all on one side on the canvas. Yes, look! That next spring will go over to the edge of it."

"That's too bad. Can't you rip it out and begin over again?" "No, indeed; I won't do that. The canvas is all out of shape with this big needle, anyway. There goes my whole afternoon's work. And she gave it an angry fling into the grate.—Sunday Budget.

A SILVER WEDDING.

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

A silver bond is thine to-day;
Which, silken, soft, far sweeter way,
Thy young love's bond together,
To make thy hopes and sorrows one,
In all the years beneath the sun,
Through storms and sunny weather.

"I take thee," then thy glad lips said,
"Thine I am, and thine I'll stay;
Before the sacred altar,
And home was born of that sweet word,
And founts of holiest hopes were stirred,
Lest so thy souls might part."

And child-love, too, had softly blown
From bright past, still all thine own,
Though its earth-life has another;
And sweet beside the household hearth,
Child-tips, through tears and quick in mirth,
Have called thee "father," "mother."

And now, in strong love's slumber, lies
Beneath the light of cheerful skies,
May thy twin souls be hidden;
And on thy ripe years' soft decline,
A holier bridal still be thine,
And the silver be the golden.

The Little Folks.

LAWRIE'S COURAGE.

BY KATHARINE LENT STEVENSON.

Were there ever two such handsome children? Mrs. Graham felt sure that this query could be answered in the negative, as, on that bright June morning, she gave Elsie the last kiss, and Lawrence the oft-repeated injunction, "Take good care of your little sister, dear."

Lawrie looked fully equal to the charge, if bravery alone were necessary to its fulfillment. The sun never shone upon curls that were tossed back

with a bolder air; while his hands were thrust into his trousers' pockets with a jaunty defiance before which the mightiest foe must have trembled.

"Oh, I'll take care of her, mamma, never you fear. I'll bring her back safely."

"Very well, Sir Launcelot," said mamma, with a smile which would look the least bit proud in spite of herself, "only remember that 'bravery consisteth not in boasting.'"

Very gallily the little lad and lassie started forth. It was Susie Brown's birthday, and they were to have the honor of going, all alone, to her party. It was such an unusual distinction, that Lawrie began casting about in his small mind what he could do to impress Elsie with the fact that he was "taking care of her."

Just at the foot of their broad grounds ran the railroad track, and they were hardly out of mamma's sight before a brilliant idea flashed upon Lawrie's mind.

"Come on, Elsie. Turn around; I'll show you a new way to Susie's," he cried, seizing the little girl's hand, and hurrying her, panting and breathless, to the steep bank which led down to the track.

Ah! if mamma had only been upon that side of the house! But she was in her own room, getting ready for a trip into town, and her windows faced the other way. I wonder if Lawrie remembered that fact?

"Oh, no, no, Lawrie!" cried Elsie, shrinking back. "I'm afraid of the cars. Don't let's go on the track."

"Oh, please! Girls is so scared," said Sir Launcelot scornfully; "I'm afraid of their own shadows. I'm glad I ain't one. I thought, though, you was different from the rest. Now where's the harm of our walkin' on this track? We'll get to Susie's as quick again, and you heard mamma say we'd be late."

"Y-e-s—but she didn't say we should go on the track, and I most know she wouldn't let us. It ain't safe. How do you know which track to take?" "Pooh! you goose! That's easy enough. When you see a train coming, just jump on the other track, or course."

"But s'pose there's two trains?" "Well, there won't be, but even if there is, can't we run up the bank? See here!" And our hero was half way down and back again in a twinkling.

"O Lawrie! How dirty you've got your shoes, and goin' to a party, too!" "Never mind the shoes. Are you goin' this way, or not?" "But, Lawrie, there's the big rocks. Sposin'—"

"I shan't stay here all day a-sposin' things. I shall go on the track. If you want to go round the road all alone, you can. But mamma said I should take care of you. If you won't let me, all right! I can't help it; and the young knight turned away with that deeply injured air which his elder brothers, under like circumstances, sometimes find so effective."

"Oh, wait, Lawrie! I'll go, I'll go, only be careful."

"Well, I thought you'd be sensible," went the magnanimous reply. "Course I'll be careful. Here, let me help you down the bank. Now ain't this nicer than the old road?"

It was true. Elsie could not deny it. There was a wild excitement in jumping sleepers and walking rails. The banks were starred with daisies and buttercups, while bobolinks' wild song made all the air palpitate with its mad, denoting mirth. It was just the kind of a day to make one a hero—the very air was intoxicating—and the little girl's laugh soon rang out as merrily as Lawrie's. One no fear did she feel until she found herself rearing the steep rock-cutting which all the children called the "big rocks."

Elsie had often stood upon its summit, for the columbine grew thickly there, and it was a favorite resort. She had never failed to look down its steep sides with a thrill of terror, and now that she found herself actually about to enter this mysterious precinct, something of the old fear returned.

Just then a cattle train, which they had heard lumbering behind them, came so near that Lawrie considered it prudent to step upon the other track. I think he had kept purposely upon the track of the train, that he might have the pleasure of saying grandly as they left it, "There, ain't that easy now?" At all events, he said it, and Elsie looked at him with reverential admiration. She never doubted his heroism—not she! He was Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad combined in her loving eyes.

It was a long, long train—they were nearly through the cutting, and still there seemed no end to the brown cars, filled with stinging, lowing cattle. They were so confused by the noise that they heard no other sound, nor did they have the slightest warning of approaching danger, until, swift from around a sudden curve, they saw, coming down upon them with the speed of the wind, the lightning express!

"Oh, Elsie! Elsie! Elsie!" cried Lawrie with a white face, as he danced up and down in an ecstasy of terror.

One terrified glance the little maiden cast around. No help on the right—for there was the steep rock; no help on the left—for there was the passing train; no help in front, with that fiery monster bearing down upon them; no time to run back!

She said afterward that it seemed as if she stood there "a million years," but, in reality, in far less time than it has taken me to tell the story, she had grasped her frantic brother by the arm, fairly dragging him into the narrow path between the tracks, and crying, "Lie down, Lawrie, lie down! They had thrown themselves upon their faces, and in that very instant, had felt the mighty, whirlwind rush of the passing train.

"Oh, dear me!" were Elsie's first words, as she once more stood upright, "if I haven't just ruined my new dress!"

But Lawrie did not think of his clothes—not he! He sat down upon the track, and cried and cried, while his hands were thrust into his trousers' pockets with a jaunty defiance before which the mightiest foe must have trembled.

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the track, and cried and cried, while Elsie, very much astonished, stood by and tried to comfort him.

"Come on," he said at last, "let's go home. I don't want to go to no old party."

"Shall we go this way?" asked Elsie timidly.

"No; I never want to see the mean old track again. Let's go back a piece till you can crawl up the bank and get to the road; and very solemnly our brave knight marched homeward, with hardly a word to the little damsel who trotted so meekly by his side.

Papa and mamma were not yet at home, so it was not until they were gathered around the supper table that they listened to the story which Lawrie, whose spirits were wonderfully revived, told so fluently.

Mamma clasped her little daughter very closely in her arms, and papa's eyes were misty as he asked, "How came you to think of lying down, my darling?"

"Oh, I remembered a story I heard you read once," said Elsie, as if "remembering" under such circumstances were, of all things, the simplest.

"Well, Sir Launcelot, and who do you think has proved the brave knight to-day?" was papa's next question, put very gravely.

"Oh, I suppose Elsie was, in one way, but you see it took me so sudden. You know I never can think, papa, and besides, I wasn't one bit afraid to go on the track, and Elsie was."

"Oh, yes, papa, I was dreadful 'fraid, and Lawrie wasn't, not a twenty-twenty mile," cried Elsie, fearing lest her hero should not receive his full award of praise.

"Oh! said papa; and, for some reason, at the sound of that "Oh," Lawrie blushed and hung his head.

I BELIEVE IN.

I believe in a God, Creator, Father of all human souls,
Not a monarch watching nature while her wondrous plan unfolds;
But the father of our spirits and the moulder of our frames;
Loving each as one begotten, calling all by separate names.

In the Creator of our spirits

